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#### Recommended Citation

Assumption College, "Assumption College Review: Vol. 1: no. 4 (1908: May)" (1908). *The Assumption College Review*. 7.

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# ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

A. M. D. G.

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Vol. I.      May, 1900      No. 4.



Sandwich, Ontario.





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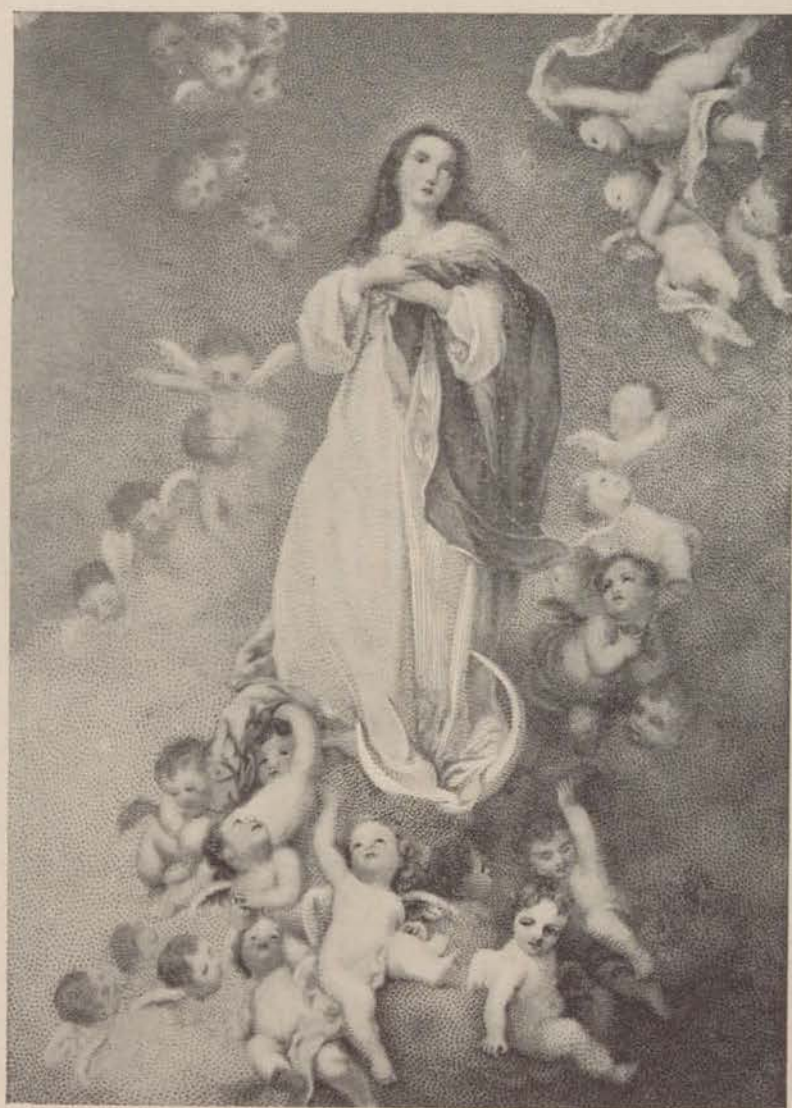
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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

# Assumption College Review

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The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

Subscription: One dollar a year, payable in advance; single copies, 15 cents.

Address all correspondence to Business Manager, A. C. R., Sandwich, Ont.

VOL. I,

MAY, 1908.

No. 4.

## To My Heavenly Mother.

To what shall I compare thee Heaven's Queen?

Thou art a mystic rose in perfect bloom;

A golden house in which our God hath been;

An anchor fast amid the ocean's gloom;

The morning star to weak mortality,

When lowering clouds betoken danger near;

Or sheltered haven where our bark will be

Forever safe beside the immortal pier.

No lovelier Iris e'er was seen above,

From earth to heav'n from heav'n to earth, thy bow,

A triple arch enscribed, Faith, Hope and Love

Reflects us God's own light with triple glow.

But what to me thou art, one name, none other,

Can blaze, full trumpet-toned—My Mother.



### *Impressions of a Visit to Mexico.*



URING the Christmas vacation I visited the City of Mexico, that famous old catholic capital of our sister Republic. I attended midnight mass at the Cathedral, the oldest and second largest church-building in North America, and mingled with a large crowd of silent worshippers. The well-dressed, wealthy Spaniards, side by side with the poor Mexican Peon and native Indian, clad in well-worn, bright-hued blanket, there knelt on the bare floor, and all together bowed their heads in silent prayer, worshipping the new-born King of rich and poor. It was truly edifying to witness the practical faith of these sincere, good people.

On Christmas morning I rode out a short distance north of the city to visit the famous shrine of Our Mother of Guadalupe. The legend of this shrine is a living part of the Mexican's faith and is as important to him as the shrine of Lourdes, to the peasant of France.

December 12 is Guadalupe Day, and it is celebrated in every village and hamlet of this Catholic Republic. However, "Peregrinaciones" or pilgrimages to Guadalupe are not confined to this day, but at all times of the year thousands of the devout natives come from distant places to worship at this shrine, which Our Mother herself appointed. Besides the pilgrimages to this place, every State in the Republic has its special Guadalupe Day.

The tradition of this miraculous apparition takes us back to the tenth year of the Spanish Domination. Fr. Don Juan De Zumaraga was Bishop, the first to hold that exalted office in Mexico. At that time Juan Diego, an Indian, "poor and humble," was 58 years of age. He lived with his uncle near the hill of Tepeyac, where the village has since grown up.

Very early in the morning of December 9, 1513, Juan was passing the hill of Tepeyac when his ears were assailed by a harmony of heavenly sweetness. Looking

up he beheld a beautiful woman, who asked him where he was going. He answered: "I go to hear mass." The beautiful visitant announced to him that she was the Ever-living Virgin-Mother of God, and asked him to go to the Bishop and impart to him her request that a temple be built there. The astonished peasant hastened to apply at the gates of the Episcopal residence, but was ridiculed by the guards for his presumption in seeking an audience with so great a churchman. Late in the day he was admitted, but the Bishop was incredulous and said to the guards: "Take him away; he is dreaming."

On his homeward journey the Virgin again appeared, and Juan asked her to send some one more worthy, as they would not believe one so poor as he. She insisted that he was her chosen messenger and bade him return next morning, when she would give him a sign.

The following morning she told him to climb the neighboring hill and pluck some roses. Though he knew that nothing had ever grown there, he went, and found a beautiful garden of roses. He plucked a number, which she took and blessed, saying, "This is the Bishop's sign," and a second time sent him on the same errand.

Juan was forced to fight his way through the crowd of mocking guards when he next reached the palace. Though they hooted and derided him, he reached the door in safety, and gaining the Bishop's presence, he spread the roses at his feet, when before their astonished gaze the Virgin's own Image appeared on Juan's tilma or blanket.

Guadalupe Villa is an Indian village at the foot of Tepeyac Hill. Its three churches are always very interesting to the tourist. The Cathedral is a large massive structure, where the sacred Tilma on which the Virgin's picture still remains is now preserved in a heavy frame of pure gold. It rest on a snow-white altar, surrounded by a twenty-six ton railing of sterling silver. The Image was crowned in 1896, and one hundred thousand people witnessed the coronation. When the coronation of the



Sacred Image became generally agitated, the one represented on the image miraculously disappeared, manifesting clearly Our Lady's acceptance of the gift, and stimulating greatly the generosity of the Mexican nation. The crown hangs just above the brow of the Image supported by two golden angels. Its value has never been appraised. The individual jewels were contributed by the ladies of Mexico, and a Paris jeweler was paid \$30,000 to design the setting. The natives delight to boast that it contains more blazing gems than the heaven's stars. Any one of its thousands of precious stones represents greater wealth than the Mother, whose babe was born in a manger, ever saw in her earthly wanderings.

The Cathedral has cost \$3,000,000, as much as the Cathedral of Mexico City, though much of the material and labor was donated. It was begun shortly after the apparition, but not fully completed until 1896—nearly four centuries after Juan Diego had been buried beneath its altar. For the first few years of its existence the Tilma was preserved in the Episcopal residence, but as soon as the shrine was ready the miraculous Image was translated there amid such pomp and ceremony as had never before been seen in New Spain. Before being taken to the Cathedral, the Tilma was examined by artists and scientists, but they were unable to say whether it was painted or woven, or by what process the Image had been executed. Their scrutiny, as must be all human scrutiny into the mode of miraculous affects, was vain. As well might we undertake to discover by what laws of healing Our Lord raised Lazarus from the dead.

At all hours of the day we find great numbers of the Indians and Peons honoring Our Blessed Mother there. On entering the church, they prostrate themselves at the door, and on their knees with lighted candles in their hands, slowly move toward the sanctuary, reciting their beads or some other pious prayer in her honor. After thus spending some time, often several hours, they repair to the Chapel of the Sacred Well and partake of the



water of the spring, which gushed forth from the rocky soil whereon the Virgin stood when she spoke for the second time to Juan Diego.

After following some of the pious pilgrims to the Well, and partaking of the water we climbed the steps in the rear of the Cathedral leading up to the Chapel on Tepeyac Hill where Juan Diego found the roses growing on the dry, barren soil. Back of this Chapel, covering the summit of the hill, rest the remains of Mexico's worthiest and most illustrious men of Church and State. The cemetery is renowned for the care with which it is kept, as well as for the wealth of its sepulchres. Many of the graves are surrounded with a heavy silver railing. Excepting the view had from the castle, which crowns the crag of Chapultepec, the spectator, standing among those silent tombs, under the never melting snows or Popocatepetl and Irtacihauatl, has the finest view on earth. He beholds at his feet ship's sails, encased in very stone, which sailors have brought on foot from Vera Cruz, out of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, whose intercession had preserved them from ship-wreck. He sees about him the valley of Mexico, lakes, woods, villas and one of earth's proudest old capitals in the centre.

Often in times of affliction and distress have the Mexicans called on their beloved Patroness, and they firmly and truthfully claim that their prayer has never been in vain. On one of the walls of the Cathedral are hundreds of small silver images of an arm, a hand, a finger, a limb, etc., each a silent witness of some miraculous cure. There is also a great stock of crutches, and many other tokens of thanksgiving for individual cures. In years gone by when church and state were not divorced, as at present, the nation itself experienced the power of Mary's intercession, as many pious traditions, well substantiated, give ample testimony. In times of drought, in times of plague, in times of war and oppression, the nation's confidence in our Lady's power has not been in vain.

During my stay at the Capital I visited the shrine four times and each time found there a large assemblage. Some were making their way to the front on their knees ; these were easily recognized as natives ; others standing about on the sides were readily recognized as tourists, but full of respect and wonder as they gazed on this throng of faithful and devout Catholics. Though they represented all creeds and nations, yet they were, one and all, eager to learn the legend which a Pope, centuries ago, sanctioned and which has made Our Lady of Gaudalupe famous as the true Patroness of Mexico.

—GEORGE J. ESPER, '06.

### The Heroism of Charlie Williams.



A GROUP of young cadets were gathered on the shady campus early one morning. It was clear that they were discussing some unusually important matter.

"What on earth is the trouble with you fellows?" inquired one who had joined the others, "Can't you get your geometry lesson?"

"O yes! O yes!" answered a tall youth named Cal, who appeared to be the leader, "It's so easy, that stuff is."

"Now, if Euclid were only down swapping fish stories with Neptune," began a serious looking youth.

"Now Gloomy, don't get the blues," interrupted another, "The poor fellow is no doubt having troubles enough trying to support some ancient obelisk or something."

"Here comes Sissy now, suppose you ask him to help you," suggested a third student.

"No thanks," answered Cal, "I'd almost be willing to work them myself before I'd let Sissy help me."

"I agree with you on that," added another. "Say, Brown, did you hear what he did yesterday?"



"No. I wasn't here. Tell me about it," said Brown.

"Why, haven't you heard about it? You know we had a picnic the other day, and our dear Sissy brought his geometry along in his pocket and studied, in a nice shady place all afternoon."

"Wasn't that the limit!" interrupted Cal.

Brown laughed.

"We thought it was funny too, at first," continued the speaker. "He said, 'O dear, why I really couldn't think of neglecting my Euclid.'"

"And then what happened?" asked Brown.

"Why, we thought it was a good joke. He looked so happy in his little nest of moss with his Euclid propped up against a tree. But we didn't laugh the next day when he had his lessons and the rest of us couldn't say a word."

"And when we opened our eyes and saw he had played it over us," another continued, "we decided that something must be done right away."

"We are going to duck him in the pond after the Major comes to-morrow night," added Cal.

"There's one good thing about it. We'll have somebody that knows all about Latin and Greek when the Major comes," observed the serious looking student.

"That's true. Our Sissy will be useful for once at least," responded Cal.

At that moment the subject of their conversation drew near.

"He doesn't look like the general run of Sissies," observed Brown.

"No, but wait till you hear him talk," answered Cal.

Charlie Williams, alias Sissy, colored slightly when he found himself the object of all eyes. He was a timid, retiring youth, who enjoyed reading more than drills and outdoor amusements. His fellow students realized that, despite his fine soldierly appearance and his industry, which always won for him the first place in drill, he was not a soldier.



"Really the Major will have a beautiful day for his journey," he observed.

"Indeed! How delightful," answered Cal.

Sissy joined good naturedly in the laugh at his expense.

"O Sissy! He will be so relieved to see us," continued another.

"Shall we attend him personally or will it be well to allow ourselves to be represented by others," continued a third in the same tone and manner.

But in spite of Charlie's bookish manner of speaking he was not really disliked by his companions. They vaguely imagined that he had unjustly treated them, and now to crown all his other misdeeds he had actually taken his geometry to a picnic. Accordingly his fellow students decided that he must be taught a lesson. He was to be waylaid at night while on his way to the observatory by a chosen band of his classmates, and after a program of appropriate songs and speeches he was to be ceremoniously dedicated to the black waters of the pond.

But anticipation of this event was almost overshadowed by the long expected visit of the Major, a wealthy old alumnus noted for his liberality. He had lately distinguished himself during the uprising in China, and was to be welcomed as a hero who had brought fame to his Alma Mater.

The next morning when he stepped from the train he was greeted with a terrific college yell by the whole body of cadets in military array. He smiled graciously and allowed himself to be taken under the protection of the senior guard. Each student received a hearty handshake as the line filed slowly by, and the portly old gentleman with the smooth red face enjoyed himself as keenly as any of the boys. His shrewd twinkling eyes turned searchingly from one young man to another until his eyes rested upon Sissy.

"Your name is Williams, is it not?" he inquired rubbing his glasses. Well, well! I told your father I could

pick you out. Call and see me this evening."

Sissy blushed with pride. His father and the Major had led a company of formidable tars almost to the very walls of Peking, and the shrewd old gentleman had quickly discerned the father's likeness in the son. And though the smiling Major did not appear to notice he did not fail to see the looks of disappointment on the faces of Cal and some of his friends.

Then was begun the triumphal march to the college, three companies each with its military band, and with the Major's guard in the center of the second. The trees about the campus were decorated with flags and bunting. At one end of the field there was a stand for the Major and his guard and the President of the college.

The boys went through their drills with a rapidity and skill that impressed everyone, even the Major. They reasoned that if they succeeded in thoroughly pleasing their visitor they would be quite certain to get the new uniforms which they desired. But in his speech he made one rather unpopular remark in which the boys could not fail to see a gentle rebuke. "You are to be especially complimented," he said, "On your unusually fine manoeuvres. I am told that they were invented by private Charlie Williams, and I am informed by your President that he is one of the best drilled men in his regiment. But in spite of this, and notwithstanding the fact that he is a senior, you have failed for three years to elect him to any office. Therefore I take especial pride in being the first to recognize and compliment the ability of Charlie Williams."

In his visits to the various classes the keen old Major satisfied more and more the suspicions he had formed in regard to Sissy's unpopularity, and as carefully guarded secrets have a way of reaching the most unexpected places, he learned all about the entertainment at the pond planned for that evening in Charlie William's honor.

Immediately the Major began to recall the adventures of his own college days. Half forgotten memories



returned to him bringing with them a desire to take part in midnight escapades once more. He began to consider plans for outwitting the conspirators.

He spent the early part of the evening telling the story of Peking for Charlie's benefit.

"Now, Charlie," he began after he had finished his story, "you'd like a good live battle, but you wouldn't want to be a soldier all your life, would you?"

"No," stammered the young man, "I'd rather not join the army till I am needed, but father wants me to be a regular because he is one, I suppose."

"Precisely, precisely," continued the Major, "But you wouldn't mind starting in business with me now, would you?"

"You must be a mind reader!" exclaimed the astonished youth.

"Not exactly," laughed the Major, "But I've seen a little of human nature in my life. Suppose I persuade your father to let you try working with me. What would you say to that?"

"Words could never express my thanks, Sir."

"I believe you, I believe you, young man," answered the Major, looking at his watch. "Let me see. When do you have astronomy?"

"We have class at half-past eight."

"That gives you about fifteen minutes to get ready," continued the Major, "I too have a little work on hand, so I must bid you good bye."

"When the Major was alone he exchanged his long black coat for a short gray one. Then he put on a gray cadet cap and looked in the glass.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, "Am I really as old as people say?" "I guess I can represent Sissy by proxy in the dark."

The Major went slowly down the dark path that led to the observatory.

"Dear old Alma Mater," he mused, "You are the same, the very same, even in Latin and Greek. It is I



alone who have changed, and yet I am the same in spirit as I was in my college days. Surely my visit would not have been complete if I had lost this opportunity to renew old associations."

"Presently he heard a peculiar chirping noise. It was too dark to distinguish objects even close at hand.

"Pretty loud noise for a cricket," he mused. "Or maybe it was meant for a frog. Why, I could chirp better than that once upon a time."

The Major walked along more cautiously.

"Reckon this is getting even with Captain Williams for saving my life," he chuckled.

Suddenly he was surrounded by a score of shadowy forms, but their boyish strength was no match for the powerful Major.

"You'd better give up, Sissy," said the leader of the boys.

But the Major made no reply. Right and left he struck out with blows that would have felled a dozen cadets had he so desired. It was so dark that the boys in the rear could not see the fate of their companions. When they pressed forward too closely the Major brushed them aside with a few powerful strokes of his arms.

"O! I say Sissy, give up. We don't want to hurt you," entreated one whose eyes were so swollen that he could scarcely see.

The Major worked away industriously dodging here and there and aiming at artistic decoration rather than the complete obliteration of his foes. He had the advantage of fighting single handed while many of the young men turned upon each other in the dark, mistaking one of their own number for Sissy.

It was fairly well established that the few astonished and frightened young men who succeeded in escaping the Major's blows, fled to the pond to tell of Sissy's wonderful victory. It was also certain that the ceremonies at the pond were indefinitely postponed.

The Major kept his secret not even explaining the

situation to Charlie, and for the remaining weeks of Sissy's last year at school he was looked upon as a hero, second only to the Major. Respect from the older boys was mingled with the admiration of the younger.

And Sissy gained a great name for modesty when he innocently declared that he, "really did nothing unusual on that evening," and that there surely was a mistake somewhere.

—W. J. ROBINSON, '10.

### The Gracchi.



CARTHAGE was in ashes; the enemies of Rome from all parts of the world had graced her triumphal processions, and the Roman name had reached the zenith of its glory. There remained not a hand in the whole universe powerful enough to draw a sword against the fair capital, but the greatest struggle of all was yet to come. The triumph of Rome was followed by a brief period of peace and for the first time in several centuries the Romans had occasion to turn their minds to civil affairs. The honor and glory achieved during the recent struggles aroused the minds of the populace to a sense of their own dignity, and rich and poor alike considered themselves entitled to the highest honors as the reward of success. The lower classes especially had learned what it was to bear the palm of victory, and in their triumph, their spirit of freedom knew no bounds. No longer would they allow themselves to be crushed beneath the heel of tyranny to which the capitalists subjected them. These, in turn, made lords of the earth by their recent achievements, showed a great tendency to exercise their despotic power over their inferiors. All these circumstances paved the way to that awful conflict which was destined to take place between the classes to-day known as capital and labor.



Rome was, indeed, a pleasing spectacle to the casual observer, but internally the Mistress of the World was a mass of corruption and degeneracy. Luxury and vice reigned among the rich while the poor struggled in misery and starvation. No means were afforded the lower classes of defending themselves against the oppression of the aristocracy. Unions and trusts would have ruined rather than bettered the cause of labor. There were numerous circumstances which made the poor husbandman the slave of the capitalist and relieved the aristocrat of dependence on the laborer. The greatest of these was the existence of slavery. At the present time the only means by which the capitalist can be kept under control is a scarcity of labor. Not even his millions can procure for him the service of laborers, if the class in common do not consent. But in the case of the Roman republic, the money of the capitalist had supreme control over labor. Money procured the slaves, and the slaves furnished the labor. This rendered the capitalist independent. It was useless for the petty landowner to try to profit by the raising of grain; for the grain cultivated by the slaves on the large estates was equal in quality to his and far cheaper to raise. The competition resulting from the slave-grown products lowered the price of grain and absorbed the substance of the poor husbandman. For this reason the petty farmers sold their lands and added their numbers to the poor class. Scarcity of land and money soon forced the poor to borrow from the rich and the classes of *optimates* and *populares* were changed to the *userers* and the *debtors*. Unable to pay the required amount the latter became the slaves of the former, and a decrease in the free population ensued.

Social relations had now come to a crisis. What was to be done? Where could there be found a man heroic enough to stand forth and deal one blow for the cause of labor? When the younger Scipio and other famous men had failed to better the state of affairs, what could any of the poorer citizens ever hope to accomplish?



The task indeed was a difficult one, but a man equal to the occasion was found in the elder grandson of Hannibal's conqueror, Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus. Who could believe that a mere youth, having no achievements to distinguish him, could enter upon such a difficult course? His prospects looked gloomy enough, but his determination surmounted all difficulties. Gracchus was born to devote his whole life to the cause of labor.

He began his political career at an early age, starting to associate with men of distinction while yet a mere boy. His election to the tribuneship was the first step toward that social reform so badly needed by the lower classes. Having now ground for action, he plunged himself into numerous schemes to benefit the cause of labor. The result of his skilful proceedings was the enactment of the Sempronian Agrarian law, so-called from the name of its proposer. This provided for an altogether new distribution of the land. The superfluous possessions of the rich were confiscated and given to the poor. Tiberius, his brother Caius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius were appointed as commissioners to enforce the law, and with this zealous board of investigators we may rest assured that no means was spared towards bringing the hard-fought-for law into effect. The object of Gracchus' life was accomplished, but the consequences were yet to be endured.

We can imagine the exasperation of the nobility at this sudden confiscation of their property. Immediately they availed themselves of every means in their power to effect the downfall of Gracchus. Accusations of every sort were brought against him, even the absurd charge that he wished to become King of Rome. His term of office was now drawing to a close and his only hope of safety lay in re-election, whether by legal or illegal means. The latter seemed the best and only course. Accordingly force was applied on the election day to expel his opponents from the sitting. The party of Gracchus

was overpowered, and he himself fell a martyr to the cause he had so diligently espoused.

Gracchus was slain, but he lived a second life in the person of his brother Gaius. Superior to his brother in almost every respect, the younger Gracchus soon rose into prominence, and in 123 B. C., was elected to the office for which his brother had fought so vigorously. Immediately he showed that he intended following a course similar to that taken by Tiberius. Having reinforced the Agrarian Law, he undertook a more difficult task for the relief of the poor. He effected a free distribution of corn at the public expense. This practically meant that the poor were to be supported by the state. What more could any citizen hope for? But Gracchus even went further and effected several reforms in the jury courts, the elections and the taxations of the colonies, all of which benefitted the class he was so zealously defending. But like his brother he incurred the hatred of the nobility, who never ceased to plot his downfall. Their hostilities became fiercer and fiercer until, at a meeting of the burgesses at the Capitol, they gave vent to their feelings in open fight. The Gracchan party was annihilated. Gracchus himself escaped, but his cause was ruined. Unable to continue the struggle any longer he poured out his life a sacrifice to his cause—a death which rendered him worthy to be called the brother of his predecessor.

The Duke of Wellington, looking upon the grave of Chatham and his illustrious son, is said to have exclaimed: "What grave contains such a father and such a son?" But in what single family can we find two such models of heroism as Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus? Who is more deserving of the name of hero than he who rises against the oppression of tyrants, endeavors to liberate those suffering injustice, and finally sacrifices his life for the cause he has espoused?

The Gracchi were indeed dead but their example outlived them. Notwithstanding the fact that shortly after the death of Gaius, the Agrarian laws were repealed



and the harsh laws against the poor renewed, still the Gracchi had not fought and died in vain. Their lives were a model for the patriots who succeeded them, they made a start towards the social revolution which was taken up by later politicians, they showed the people that it was an impossibility to repel the oppression of the aristocracy, and they stirred up a spirit of freedom which makes the laboring class what it is today.

W. SHARPE, '10.

### To the Class of '06-'07.



BEFORE the older "grads" get a chance to tear up each other's reputation for general mischief through the medium of the Alumni column, and tell the stories of other days, endeared and enhanced by many rehearsals, the enlightened little knot of geniuses known as the Class of "'07," must have their right proven to make reminiscences and be called Alumni. To this they have an unquestionable title. Are they not the link joining the fossil past to the venturesome present? And have they not, in the opening issue of the Review, recognized the bashful, debutante whom in profitless and oft-running dreams they have long wished to woo? "'07" is a class of which we feel proud, staunch friends all and true, tried by seven years of mutual good-will and fellowship. For sweet memories' sake, then, we wish to mirror, no matter how imperfectly, the traits and characteristics that have made each one so dear. If the pointed jibe seem too sharp or the pun too personal, be forgiving; for, after all it is those which linger longest on memory's page. All have received their share and impartiality has been the balance by which all have been weighed.

John J. Blair, Stratford, Ont., (Deac.)

After passing two or three years in peaceful serenity, John began to make himself felt, and became one of the

"powers that be" in Dramatic and Glee Club. In fact he became such an important factor in theatricals that it was thought he would break into Grand Opera as a stage carpenter, but he found he couldn't hold a hammer long enough to "knock." His love for law and order often put us to shame when we tended to anarchy and nihilism. John is said to have had a voice and some quasi-wit and humor, but his love-song in the '05 minstrel saw him forsake light singing for plain chant, which he executed most wonderfully upon the chapel organ. Never known to miss meditation or more than two razors. Much evangelizing and general good is expected from John when he obeys the word, "Euntes, ergo."

Francis J. Brennan, Windsor, Ont., ("Runt-Larry.")

"Can anything good come out of Windsor?" was the question after "Runt's" arrival in Belles Lettres. So far all it had produced were coons and salt; but this time we beheld a compact little bundle of "vim," and freckles, decked out in a Buster Brown suit and a winning smile. Philosophical dignity afterwards forced him to don the "toga virilis," or "long ones," but never diminished his capacity for mischief, which had that of the original Buster "beaten a mile;" he believed variety was the spice of life, and nothing pleased him more than tearing up No. 9 just to see how things looked upside down or to break mantles so "Boins" could strike for more. He "knocked" his way to prominence—in athletics by his home run—in popularity by taking first place in "knocking bees." The Ides of March brought him his downfall in '07, but did they not do the same to Cæsar? He knew no fear, either for authority or physical peril, and was a strong man on the "storming committee." In brief he was, and we predict always will be a "vigorous commanding youngster."

Edmond F. Burns, Amherstburg, Ont., ("Sheriff.")

"Amherstburg,"—"Boins;" these names were "syllolomous." Apparently, every-ready to sing the Lamentations or Dies Iræ. "Sheriff" had a comic opera side;



he was all music and jokes, which he never put on the stage, but of which we, behind locked doors, often got a glimpse when that intellectual exterior which he picked up while playing the rolls of Cicero and Homer in Rhetoric, was for a short time cast aside. Sandwich has had its mechanics—remember Mickey?—but no one ever claimed to have it on "Sheriff" in that line. He said he fixed a lock of hair once—it may be true. The only thing Ed. didn't like was the 5.30 bell in the morning—the rest was all a dream. "Sheriff" will surely pan out a great success, for "three-fifths of him is genius, two-fifths sheer fudge." (Lowell.)

Leo F. Costello, London, Ont. ("Wreck," "Cos," "Salambo II.")

To Cos, one of London's many faithful and a member of Ski's Salambo tribe fell the athletic honors of a very athletic class—was it not? Cos laid a squatter's claim to third base on the College nine, and held it down in a style which forbade competition. A regular streak of lightning on the bases—and at table—a strong man on the team or at an afternoon lunch where he was a regular Rhadamanthus in judging the merits of cold tongue. Famous for his punctuality—sometimes; couldn't be kept in bed after the 5.30 bell, and claims that Jerry beat him to meditation only once. Loved the study hall so much that he asked to be allowed to go back for a time—and strange to say got permission. But he "came out of it."

William F. Courtney, Dexter, Mich., ("Raz," "Bill")

From Dexter town, Chelsea's bitter rival, came Bill to live the strenuous life in Rhetoric, but claims he found 1st Philosophy, in Den 19, like a South American Republic. Den 19 looked like an overcrowded city with a very cosmopolitan population and at one time anarchism was rife. Bill once saved the life of one of his roommates by tossing a boom which took the form of a chair. At present he is enjoying life in Cincinnati with Dooley and a few more of the old guard. A great man for frogs.

William A. Dean, Kingsbridge, Ont., ("Billy.")

A point has position—Bill had all the good points, nearly, in the house. Equally clever in conducting a Sodality meeting and doing you out of your nickel in the "pound." By night Bill did the heavy for His Majesty's Mail Service and became a familiar figure on the sidewalks of Sandwich—very noticeable, in fact, for his sporty gauntlets. Bill would like to hear from one Pete O'Neil, the undertaker, as he expects to be a dead one some day—not soon, we hope.

Edward G. Doe, London, Ont., ("Ed.")

The class of '07 was lucky the day Ed. decided that Sandwich was the place for him. The class was glad to receive him for it required for its happiness just such a man, and to him is due thanks for so many of those class-walks, when we used to "Go West", on the way back to the College. (Does Tom Connell remember?) As "Tarick" in the '05 play, and the "Fencing Master" in '07, Ed. won much dramatic fame. Something of an inventor, Ed. originated several new theories in philosophy and the nickname, "the black claud;" thus he is sure of success, for nowadays you have got to spring something new—look at Modernism,

George H. Fritz, Detroit, Mich., ("Fritzie-Schef.")

George, like Jack Miller, came from Chicago, but from a different section of the city, carrying a corn-cob pipe and a reputation as a ball player. Touted as a catcher, the first night he came George had the life scared out of O'Meara, but spoiled it all by telling Jimmie the joke the next morning before he knew "James." George later made himself famous by the brand he used in the corn-cob—but never mind now, George, we are willing to forget the past. He was a good friend of the books and was a regular Kaiser in the German exams.

Leo F. Gaffney, Detroit, Mich., ("Dooley.")

A genial chap from Corktown, who always got into the firing line with a laugh that would earn him a fortune if he would only convert it into a breakfast food. His



long suit was scrubbing the floor of his room or waiting on, or at, table. Generally appeared in the yard with his running mate, Bill Courtney. Dooley had a strong weakness for shows and was always found in a box seat. Distinguished himself on the "Philosophy reserve," and was a dream in a ball suit.

J. Gerald Labelle, London, Ont., ("Jerry"- "Runt.")

Although a lightweight himself, Jerry is willing to tackle any heavy-weight meal in the restaurant. Jerry's motto was "It's the early bird that catches the worms—but you can't eat worms." Hence he was always a little late, and on account of this good quality he was given a two weeks stay in the study-hall with Cos. It served to recall pleasant memories. Jerry said he had a voice—if so, he must have left it at home. He was a member of the famous "Runt" team that showed the "Giants" that little men can play baseball too. Football was Jerry's forte, and with Cos played the wing position to a standstill. Well versed on any and every subject under the sun he could carry on an intelligent conversation with—"Rookey," "Boxface," or "Punkin Centre,"—especially "de Kantismo." We expect to hear of Jerry as a famous orator some day, somewhere.

John L. Mahoney, Smith Falls, Ont., ("Jawn.")

Shortly after entering '07 as a regular John left the ranks for a seat "higher up," but never forgot the lower corridor days, and often paid us a visit. Got long on the dope and made us all think he was going into professional baseball by buying a glove and a rule book. An authority on American League matters, and can give Hughie Jennings pointers on the game. A bad man to stack up against in an argument but there with the "rough and ready" in defending class football honors.

John P. Miller, Chelsea, Mich., ("Crook," "Cotton-top," "Salambo III.")

John rambled in one sad night in Sept., '06, with a violin under his arm and his trunk full of books—they are still in his trunk. The first night in dormitory John tried

to tell how he got into a "pickle" about twelve bells one night, and ended up by talking about the twilight. We gave him the laugh so much that he did the clam act until the next night. Saw that he had to talk nights because his Ostermoor was intended for a clothes line. Could play first base on the ball team as well as he could play the violin, and with less effort. Had Rider Haggard's imagination, and overworked it nearly all the time. Was dead in love with Windsor, possibly because he banked his money at the end of the Ouellette car line. When he got sick there was only one kind of medicine that could cure him, and the "folks at home" had a patent on it. Was the third man of the famous "Salambo Bunch" which holds its next convention on Warren Ave., Detroit, 1915.

James B. Neville, London, Ont., ("Runt-You Jim.")

A good thing in a small package, hailing from London, who was always engaged in working out metaphysical proofs that he wasn't the shortest man in the class—physical proofs wouldn't help any. Joined fast company in '07 by making a prominent place on the hash slinging relay and delay trio. Like J. Cæsar's Ghost, he always celebrated with "Runt" Brennan, the Ides of March, the anniversary of their triumphal re-entry into the dear old Study Hall which they were forced to make "because they rambled." Would defend anything with the name "London" on it, until even Miller would have to give in. Always said he pitied "Sheriff" Burns because he lived so near Windsor. If Jim succeeds at all things as he did at holding down 2nd base for the Reserves, we can expect some good news of him in the future.

Stanley S. Skrzycki, Detroit, Mich., ("Ski-Salombo I.")

Ski, translated into English, came to mean for us, "there with the goods." Leading a three-man band—Creatore style—catching for the Philosophy team, or furnishing Salambos for the chop house at No. 17—all looked alike to Ski. Ski kept in training for the football



season by running down the corridor with a loaf of bread under his arm. He was heavy on track athletics, and his greatest delight was the "British Army Oil" massage that followed the rub down. His conscience was very pliable when apples were concerned, and will long remember the night he was chased by the "porker" out of the orchard. From Polish Seminary Ski came, and back to it he went.

DIDDINGS, '06-'07.

Sept.—Fall term begins. Ski plays a bunco game on "Sen-Sen." Miller breaks in on "Sen-Sen's" stronghold—it proves too strong. No. 9 plays the good Samaritan. Ski buries two grandmothers and celebrates one birthday. Fritzie tells a thrilling tale of war and exhibits a scar. Something looms up "far on the horizon."

Oct.—Poaching in the kitchen begins with Sunny James doing the scouting. No. 17 has a mouse hunt, lasting three days—mouse gets away. Cos forsaking his post for a piece of salambo. Ski thinks he sees the ghost of one of his ancestors in the cemetery orchard—it turns out to be a dead cow, the old boar also figuring in the ensuing retreat. Sheriff lets loose a joke or two and tells how "Izzy got out of the buggy."

Nov.—Ski and Magee have it out in the dormitory; after much word picking Ski registers a telling shot. Miller much troubled by spooks and salambos. The annual raid on the cooking outfits comes off, and No. 17 is "jarred" up considerably. Anarchy breaks out in No. 19, "Scummy" Dean "quells" Magee. Deac moralizes.

Dec.—Miller commences his fall studying, but bell for exams. interrupts him. Dooley's room-mate does a singing stunt: result—Dooley laid up with shattered nerves. Ski sees a dipper. Christmas recess.

Jan.—"Boins" first back as usual. All have gone the limit in vacation and look it. Santy has brought Dooley a new, clean scrubbing brush and Ski some "Wonderful." Miller develops a fine perspective for monumental sculpturing.

Feb.—Doe goes out in the yard for three minutes, sees his shadow and crawls back—six weeks more of winter. Dooley scrubs room for twentieth time, “Boins” fixes a few locks and other things. Bill Courtney feels “keen” and commences shaving.

Mar.—Dull month. A mock trial procedure convicts Ski of “loafing” around the refectory, he is condemned to study “sanseverino” for ten minutes—very hard on him. Miller thinks he has a sprained ankle; he and the couch become very thick.

April.—Fritzie’s corn cob burns a hole in his pocket and “skives”—much rejoicing among philosophers. “Deac” shows us he is a prophet—predicts “stew” on twenty-nine different days, and is correct. Dooley and “Jawn” begins their Spring “work-out”—Dooley’s arm is in the “sink” of condition.

May.—We begin our class walks, obtaining permission on the condition that we “go west”—we do so coming back. Dean runs out of mince pies, but says he has lots of “all-day suckers” left. Miller gets hydrophobia, being “bit” so often by Brennan. Jerry manages to get outside a whole salambo and nearly explodes. Runt Brennan and Miller pull off “those home runs.” Runt’s is the better (fluke) of the two.

June.—The saddest month of the year. Dooley gets hysterics from much weeping. Ski visits the kitchen for the last time. Sheriff cracks his last “Boinsism.” Deac draws tears from all, and we find that our happy college days are over.

#### AFTER WORD.

Without the formality of introduction, without the outward semblances that hide character, stripped of all deception, the traits that endeared them taking bold prominence, we present them to you and an account of some of their pranks. To us they appear now, as they were back in the old rooms. Their virtues, the good they have done, both have been suppressed, their faults being more loveable and taking far less time to chronicle. Judge then, and pronounce them one of the best classes that ever took possession of the lower corridor, an example to those that knew them, a shining emerald in the jewelled diadem of Alma Mater.



### Maytime Choruses.



LEECE blown the skies, adorning  
 The radiance of morning  
 Bright jewels glint the restless leaves  
 Of swaying canopies.  
 Arrayed in dreams of glory  
 On woodland, mystic, hoary,  
 Fair springtime pours with lavish hand  
 Her joyful melodies.

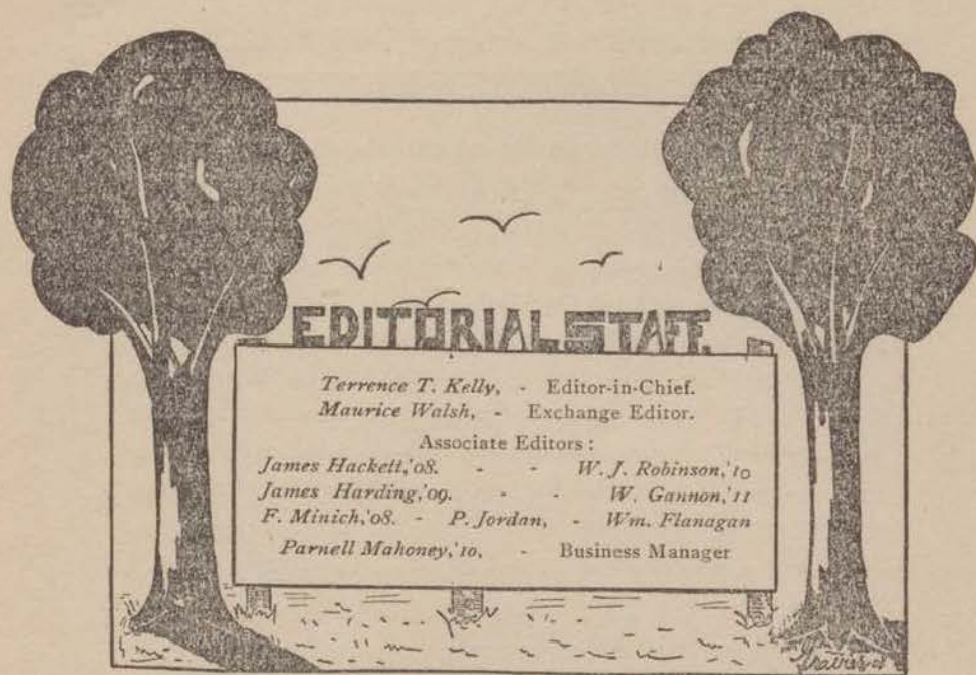
St. Basil's bells are ringing,  
 An idle breeze is bringing  
 From yonder hazy dream-wrapped hill  
 Their sweetly sloemn tone ;  
 A down the valley winding,  
 A wreaths of maiden's finding  
 Before the shrine of Heaven's Queen  
 A welcome votive throne.

Where shadowed sunlight lingers,  
 Leaves wound by loving fingers  
 They strew in wealth of petals fair,  
 A woven garland bright ;  
 And tinted windows, glowing  
 With strange and wondrous flowing  
 Of many colored beams, the pictured  
 Queen of Angels light.

O Queen of May and flowers,  
 Of shining crystal showers,  
 Thy task to guard each gentle bloom,  
 To mourn each sad decay ;  
 Mid blossoms of the rarest,  
 Thyself a flower, the fairest  
 Of all the countless gems thy grace  
 The festal tide of May.

O'er sunlit mead comes stealing  
 A deeper tone, where kneeling  
 In light that leaves to shadowed gloom  
 One dim lamp burning low,  
 A childish carol blending  
 In rapture sweet ascending,  
 "Dear Mother, pray for me," the strains  
 In joy to heaven flow.

—W. J. ROBINSON, '10.



## Editorial.

### The Month of Mary.

The intimacy of the union between Jesus and Mary was the most perfect possible. Her very vocation was a special title to closer intimacy with her Divine Son. With Him she was to co-operate in the redemption of man. In the humble home in Nazareth, this community of interest was perfect and entire. Her every thought and act coincided with His in this special work, not given to others. So it continued throughout His public career, and after His death she remained to promote the work He had begun. In heaven she leads the angels and saints in the glorious harmony of thought, adoration and praise, which the blessed offer unceasingly to the Divine Majesty.

We have no such special mission in union with Christ, but the end and object of our existence, which we should have most at heart is surely the affair about which God and His Blessed Mother are most solicitous in our



regard. Mary co-operated in our redemption while on earth, and certainly while in heaven she has lost none of this solicitude for us. Nay, in her far-off home, we may feel assured and encouraged in the assurance that she is working with us and for us at every moment of the day and night, and will never cease to do so until we shall have breathed out our souls in peace to God.

We are told that the publishers of Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," before they would undertake to publish the book, sent a lawyer to investigate and report on the veracity of the story. Such delicacy seems over-squeamish in view of the "stuff" that is published every day under the guise, not of fiction, but of fact.

The novelist of to-day has a large advantage over his predecessor in the abundance of plots that the daily newspapers furnish free of charge.

### **The Passing of the Seminary.**

The passing of Andover Seminary has been made the topic of comment by several newspapers within the past few weeks. It is believed to be an indication of general dissatisfaction with schools of theology and with theology in general. Indeed, outside the Catholic Church sermons on theological subjects are decidedly rare. The alert and popular preacher finds that spiritual papulum more attractive to the people which contains a generous spice of gossip and a strong savor of sensationalism. The institution which best fits a young man to present in the most pleasing style just what the church-goer demands, draws the prospective student to its halls. In consequence of the number and variety of advantages easily obtainable in the great State, and non-sectarian universities, the young men of every creed flock to them in great numbers, and the ranks of theological students in all non-Catholic seminaries are depleted correspondingly. Evidently the congregations among them exercise much the same influence over the pulpit and the chancel which the audience exercises over the stage in our theatres. The theat-

rical manager who sets himself up as an arbiter of taste to the public will find himself richer in experience, after a few seasons, but much poorer in pocket. The theatre is for the people, not the people for the theatre. Nor does the Catholic priest consider the principle "The pulpit for the people" to be a reversal of right order; but he does assume the right to dictate to his congregation what he shall preach, and he does assume that he knows best what topics are most conducive to promote their spiritual welfare. We find the evidence of this attitude in the fact that for centuries the Catholic pulpit has rung the changes on the epistles and gospels for the Sunday, which the Roman missal contains, together with an exposition of the dogmas of our holy religion. These have been and will continue to be the subjects heard in our pulpits for all time to come.

Again we are told that "college students eager to better mankind are carried away from the ministry by sociologists, lecturing on sweat-shops and leading 'slumming parties.'" That such should be the case is not surprising; for to the young and unsophisticated, altruism in any form appeals powerfully. They rush eagerly to join in crusades against vice, and feel in so doing a strong sense of conscientious approval. The fruit of their labors is palpable and they are encouraged to go on. On the other hand, years of theological study in the preparation for the mission of the gospel has no such immediate results, and their loss is felt accordingly. The hospital work is far more pleasing to the average medical student than the lectures on medicine. But the former must not debar the latter, for the Theory of Medicine is the foundation on which the practise depends, and hospital staffs are men who have first prepared themselves by an exhaustive study of medical text-books. Applying this lesson to religious healing, right order and success later demand that the student first perfect himself in the theory and afterwards in the application. The doctrines of religion must furnish the principles which are to guide the re-



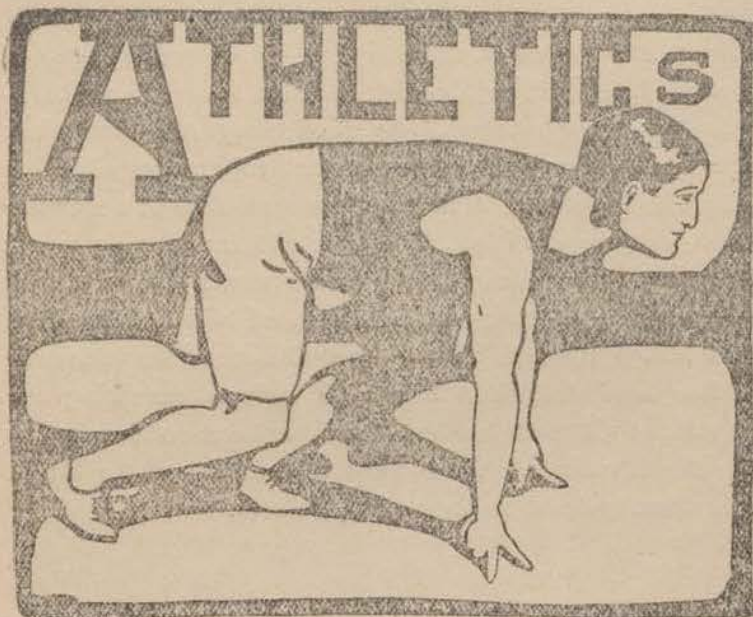
ligious leader in the works of the ministry. Christ first sent the Holy Ghost to enlighten and strengthen the Apostles in the truths of Faith before he finally imparted to them the grand commission to take up the work of world evangelization which He had begun. Instruction in doctrine imparted in the seminary must either precede or accompany the practical work of the sociologist. Even when the sociologist has brought his subject to the perfection of a science, the need of theology will remain as imperative as it has in the past, for no man can be forced into heaven by the altruism of his neighbor. The saving of one's soul is a personal work, which supposes in the individual personal endeavor towards the end of his creation. This in turn calls for such instruction as will reveal to him the true purpose of life, the necessity of personal sanctification and the means by which it may be effected. All this presupposes instruction, not in sociology but in theology, both dogmatic and moral. Hence it is, that in the Catholic organization, far from decreasing or diminishing, the seminaries are increasing every year both in attendance and number.

Finally, the tendency of sociological preparation for the ministry is towards substituting for theology and the religion of the past—a new religion based on man's experience with man in the great struggle for race-progress and development. On the basis of history, the attempt is made to discover the laws which have operated in all that tends for advancement. It is an empirical theology, a theology of experience. The earlier form was a religion given to men from above; the latter can never be more than a human institution, the highest, it may be, of which man is capable in his noblest aspirations, but none the less earthly and earth-originated. Social morality in its very highest development can never exceed the limits of pagan civilization. The religion of Seneca would still be its ideal form, were it not that Christ has given an example still higher, and more perfect. Christ is undoubtedly the Christian ideal and must ever remain such. But

Christ came on earth, not only to give us an example of the absolute ideal in conduct, but also to teach and establish a new dispensation. In neglecting to learn what Christ taught and to unite oneself to the organization which he instituted, man loses the essentials of a religion and of divine worship. The true adorers adore in spirit; but adoration is external as well as internal, and if Christ has deposited among men a system of belief and a form of worship, then he is no true Christian who seeks to realize in himself the Christ-type without accepting the deposit of Christ's teachings and without conforming to the ceremonial which the church established by Christ can alone pretend to impose upon man.







### **Basket-Ball.**

ST. PETER'S A. C. VS. ASSUMPTION.

On March 21, in the final game of the season and one that was very nearly a repetition of that played on March 7, in which our boys swamped the visitors, the College five again took St. Peter's A. C. into camp. In the previous game the score, it will be remembered, was 42-6. Promising a much better game they immediately arranged for another. If the 18-7 score indicates anything it might be considered a better game. But as often happens, the score in this case very inadequately shows how completely St. Peter's boys were outclassed. Although they were considerably strengthened by the addition of two new men they were unable to cope with the superior combination of the home team, and were woefully lacking in this important factor themselves. As usual Hartnett and Drouillard starred for the College both in combination and in basket-shooting. As it was :

ST. PETER'S A. C.		ASSUMPTION.
Whitmore, F. Barnard	r. f.	Drouillard.
G. Barnard, Ledbeter	l. f.	Hartnett
Sinclair, G. Barnard	c.	Longe
Graham	r. g.	Blackwell
Ladbeter, Sinclair	l. g.	Mooney

Field goals, Hartnett, 3, Drouillard, Longe, Barnard, Ledbeter. Goals from fouls, Drouillard 8, Barnard 3. Referee, Hammond. Umpire, Murphy.

### Hand-Ball.

The Senior Hand Ball League ended March 24th with Mr. Klick-Theoret and Mr. Casey-Fillion tied for first place, each having won 19 and lost 5. This, of course, necessitated a post-season series to decide the championship. On March 28, Mr. Klick-Theoret cinched first place by taking two games from their opponents. The score of the first game was 21-11, shows that Mr. Klick and his partner had things all their own way. In the second game Mr. Casey-Fillion started in strongly but soon began to tire, and lost by a 21-15 score.

At the beginning of the hand ball season some predicted that this year's league would not come up to the standard set by the leagues of previous years, and claimed also that it would lack interest. Their prediction proved false. As a rule, the games, especially those of the leaders, were fast and hard fought. And as for interest, the rooting of the spectators showed that there was plenty of it. On the whole this year's league was a decided success. The final standing:

	WON	LOST	PER.
Mr. Klick-Theoret,	21	5	.808
Mr. Casey-Fillion,	19	7	.731
Robinet-Busch,	15	9	.625
Minich-McQuillan,	10	14	.417
Hartnett-Condric,	8	16	.333
Moriarty-Cortello,	7	17	.292
Kelly-Coyle,	6	18	.250



### Base-Ball.

The season of season's. After all there is nothing in the line of sports to compare with a good game of baseball. The American people certainly owe the late Mr. Chadwick a deep debt of gratitude for the introduction, or rather invention, of this most popular of all American sports. While we must admit that the United States leads the world in this game, still in Canada here, it is gradually gaining in popularity and will some day be as popular as in the land across the border. Owing to the fact that we are so near to Detroit, where Hughie Jennings has driven half the people crazy with his "weeah," and also to the fact that the majority of old Assumption students hail "from over the creek," base ball is the sport of sports here. For years the College has more than held its. Up to 1901 Assumption had not lost a game for ten straight years. Then came a hoodoo in the Detroit Athletic Club's team, recognized as the strongest in this vicinity, and made up chiefly of old leaguers. Every year since, this club has journeyed over here and handed us a defeat. These and the one we lost at the hands of the Fort Wayne soldiers in 1906, have been the only games lost by the College.

The team of 1907 was a crackerjack. Every position on the team was well covered. And to think that only two of the team returned this year! The others are scattered over the U. S. and Canada. O'Meara, the catcher, is studying medicine at the University of Michigan. Pitcher Klick is one of the two who returned this year. Miller, who held down the initial sack, commenced theology at St. Paul's Seminary, but did not return after Xmas. Fr. Powell, who was a regular Lajoie at second, has charge of a college in Texas. Old "Salombo" Costello, who held down third sack for six years, is studying theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. If ever there was a comer Cos was one. He was so well thought of in London, his home town, that the Advertiser said after, his departure for the Seminary, "that one of the greatest

third-sackers and all around gentlemen that London fans have ever known will never be seen on a base ball diamond again." He was offered a try-out with Buffalo in the Eastern League, but knew that if he ever played a season of fast professional ball, the fascination would prove so strong that he would be unlikely to continue his studies for the holy priesthood. Mahoney, who cavorted between second base and a third cushion, is on the teaching staff of one of the Basilian Colleges in Texas. "Runt" Brennan, the guardian of left field, is with Costello at Montreal. Minich, who covered centre, is the other one of the two who returned this year. Fr. T. Roach, who never allowed the grass to grow under his feet out in right garden, has charge of a high school in Kalamazoo, conducted by the Basilian Fathers.

This scattering of last year's team has caused much competition for places on the team this year. A goodly bunch of recruits is trying out, and although prospects looked rather bad at first a stellar aggregation is gradually being whipped into shape. For catchers we have Longe, McQuillan, Mooney; pitchers, Klick and Kennedy; Busch and Walsh are trying for first, while Murphy and Morarity are having a merry race for the keystone sack; F. Costello, brother to Leo, is making Condrick keep on the jump to hold third; the short field position is being fought out by Fillion and Minich. For fielders we have McQuillan, Kelly, Brighton, Drouillard and Hartnett.

The schedule, up to the present date, is as follows:

April 4—Sandwich.

" 11—"

" 23—Polish Seminary.

" 25—Kelsey Herberts.

May 7—Polish Seminary.

" 16—Detroit Athletic Club.

" 21—Polish Seminary.

" 23—White Sox.

" 30—Windsor Hillsides.



Several other good teams have written and the management expects to make satisfactory arrangements for games with them.

If the weather permits, about fifteen games will be played in all. The schedule is still open for several Wednesday and Saturday games.

#### SANDWICH VS. ASSUMPTION.

In a practice game on April 4th, Assumption defeated the Sandwich aggregation of ball tossers by an 8-1 score. John Klick, our reliable slab-artist, showed mid-season form, allowing only three hits. He was the only one, however, who was in form. The other members of the team showed a lack of practice, and it was evident to all that a good many rough spots will have to be polished before we tackle such teams as the Good Lucks and Kelsey-Herberts.

#### ASSUMPTION, 8. SANDWICH, 6.

In the first regular game of the season, on April 11, the College nine defeated the Sandwich team by the score 8-6. On the whole it was rather a poor exhibition of baseball, and it looked as though the players were trying to see who could make the greatest number of errors. The inclemency of the weather had hindered practice and no one was surprised at the poor showing made by the home team. Even at that the Sandwich boys were never very dangerous. Owing to a sore back "Johnnie" Klick did not let himself out. Had he done so the score would have been closer. Our boys seemed to have no trouble in connecting with the ball, but did not seem to know what to do after they had passed first, and several were caught napping. Murphy, at second, went to extremes in poor playing and hitting, having tallied against him four errors, and in favor of him, three hits.

For further information :

ASSUMPTION,	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Brighton, c. f.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Murphy, 2 b.	5	1	3	4	4	4
Klick, p.	4	1	1	0	7	0
Kelly, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Longe, c.	2	1	0	9	1	1
Minich, s. s.	3	1	1	1	2	1
Walsh, 1 b.	5	0	2	10	0	0
Condric, 3 b.	4	1	2	2	2	1
Drouillard, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	34	8	11	27	16	7
SANDWICH,	A. B.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Grandmaison, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
H. La Boeuf, 1 b.	4	1	1	10	1	0
B. La Boeuf, s. s.	3	1	1	1	4	1
Langlois, 2 b.	5	1	2	3	3	1
Askin, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
McLindan, 3 b.	3	0	1	3	1	0
Smith, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Robinson, c.	4	0	1	3	1	0
C. La Boeuf p.	4	1	0	1	1	0
Totals,	35	6	7	24	11	2

Summary—Stolen bases, Murphy, Brighton. Sacrifice hits, Murphy, Kelly, Longe 2. Three-base hits, Minich. Two-base hits, Kelly, Brighton, B. La Boeuf. Struck out, by Klick, 7; by La Boeuf, 5. Bases on balls, of Klick, 2, of La Boeuf, 3. Passed balls, Robinson. Time, 1 hour and 45 minutes. Umpires, Tiernan and Hartnett. Scorer, McQuillan.

## BY THE WAY.

Easter Monday was a great day in the history of the college. The boys obtained permission to cross over and see a game between Cleveland and Detroit. The chief interest of the older students was centered in the catching of "Nig" Clarke, an old student of Assumption. "Nig" played a good game, allowing no base stealing and clouting the ball for two hits. When it comes to shooting the ball to second "Nig" has no equal. The speedy Detroit men were forced to take off their hats to him.

F. M.—'08.





We ask the assistance of the Alumni in making this department as interesting as possible. Without your assistance it is impossible for us to secure all the items that we shall need. Do not forget us. A line or two will suffice.

### ATTENTION.

The new College Chapel will be dedicated June 16th. The Alumni and all friends of the College are cordially invited to attend. Look for further details in our next issue.

Contribution to Chapel Fund previously acknowledged,

	\$10229 55
Rev. F. Hewlett,	25 00
" W. Hayden	10 00
" J. Downey,	10 00
" H. Sullivan,	10 00
" D. Dillon,	20 00
" H. D. McCarthy,	25 00

Total, \$10329 55

Charles Booth, Commercial, '02, recently sold his real estate business in Saskatchewan, and intends to embark in the same line in the State of Washington.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit, recently appointed Fr. A. Burke, '94, of Palms, to succeed Fr. Sadlier, lately deceased, as pastor of St. Philip's church, Battle Creek, Mich. At the same time, Fr. J. Cahalen, '92, of Hillsdale, was appointed irremovable rector of the church of the Immaculate Conception at Marshall, to succeed the late Fr. Baart.

Charles Marion, a former student of Assumption, has returned to spend the winter at his home in Stoney Creek, Ont., after an absence of several months spent upon his claim near Moosejaw, Sask. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he arrived home much improved in health by his sojourn in the Canadian Northwest.

Wm. Murphy and Wm. Gallena, both of '04, now pursuing their studies at the American College at Rome, have received their calls for ordination, and will be ordained on Trinity Sunday.

James J. O'Meara, Rhetoric, '06, one of the old standbys of Assumption, is now taking up the study of medicine at the University of Michigan. He has our best wishes for success in his chosen profession.

Frs. D. Dillon, '99, pastor of St. John's church, Fenton, Mich., and B. L. Marker, '80, pastor of the Sacred Heart church, Dearborn, Mich., favored us with a visit during the month.

John J. McHugh, a former student of this place, has entered the field of journalism, and is now employed as reporter on the London Free Press.

Fr. James Downey, of Monroe, after a prolonged absence, visited his many friends at the college during the month.

Earnest George, Commercial, '07, is employed as book-keeper in the Detroit offices of the R. G. Dun Co.

The Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Detroit,



was dedicated March 29, in the presence of an immense congregation. The new church is one of the most beautiful in the city, and its stained glass windows and paintings have come direct from the famous studio at Munich. The dedication ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, and a Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky. Nearly thirty-five members of the clergy were present. The pastor of the new church is Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, and the splendid edifice is a fitting monument of his twenty-years of earnest effort for the welfare of the parish.

Mr. Frank Marchand, '04, who has been preparing for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, left there March 16th to join the Dominican's province of the Immaculate Conception. He is now staying at Hawthorne, N. Y., where the only house of the above-named province in United States is located. Immediately after Easter, Mr. Marchand intends to go abroad and enter the Dominican's novitiate at Rkyholt, Holland, where he will spend four more years before ordination. Mr. Marchand, as will be remembered, is a convert from the Anglican faith, and only lately have his parents and brother embraced the Catholic faith. Our best wishes accompany Mr. Marchand in his undertaking.

John Faucher, Commercial, '03, visited his friends here during the month for the first time since his graduation.

Fr. D. Hayes, '96,\* of Coldwater, Mich., Fr. J. Hallssey, of Hudson, Mich., and Fr. Chas. Linskey, assistant pastor of St. Aloysius church, Detroit, who remained here for a few months last year, previous to his ordination, spent a few pleasant hours during the month visiting their friends at this place.

Fred. Lawless, '03, according to report, has a very lucrative position in the Reo Auto Co., at Lansing, Mich.

Wm. Mess, Commercial, '03, is President of the Young Men's Catholic Club of New Bavaria, Ohio.

W. D. O'Leary, a student here during '00 and '01, is now engaged in the wood and coal business at Detroit, Mich.

Jules Siffer, '96, is now one of the leading physicians of Monroe, Mich.

Dr. James J. Hogan, who left here at the end of third year in 1890, is one of the leading physicians of the leading physicians of Astabula, Ohio.

Jim Murray is leading the simple life in his home town, Reese, after working for three years as motorman on the Saginaw street railway.

Thomas Jobin, Commercial, '93, is attaining prominence in municipal affairs at his native home in Maidstone, Ont., and now holds the position of township auditor.

John Shiappiccasce, '89, is engaged with his father in the fruit business in Detroit.

Paul Ragan, '90, is a prominent attorney in Chicago.

John Zimmer, '90, is making a decided success of law at Lansing, Mich.

James Laughlin and Frank Bowler, have returned to the simple life at Grattam, Mich.

Bernard Kildea, '90, holds a prominent position in the bank at New Lathrop, Mich.

Theo. Heenan, Rhetoric, '88, is now engaged in the grocery business at North Branch, Mich.

Benjamin McManus, '88 and '89, is now handling a coal, wood and ice business in Cleveland, Ohio.

Joe O'Neil is book-keeping for the Nickle Plate R. R. in their offices in Cleveland, Ohio.



J. McGillicuddy, '89, is gaining prominence in the theatrical world. He was with Mrs. Fiske last year.

Ed. Burns, '92, is now a promoter of the Woodmen of the World, with headquarters at New York.

Mr. Daniel J. Hickey, Rhetoric, '06, recently took the civil service examination held at Jackson, Mich., and succeeded in making the highest average of any of the list of candidates. He will soon be employed in the Jackson post-office. We wish him success.

Victor Sylvester, Rhetoric, '00, one of Assumption's best pitchers, is now in the Real Estate and Life Insurance business in Detroit.

Leo Foley, the most popular member of the student body of the college within the last eight years, and leader of all branches of sport during his stay at college, has entered upon a business career and is now a partner in the Palace Grocery, St. Charles, Louisiana. Leo's success is already assured, and those sterling qualities which endeared him to every student, have already put him on the highroad to success. We rejoice very much at his good fortune, and would be pleased to have him visit his old friends, should he in the near future decide to come north once more.

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Rev. Francis Beauvais, '98, once a popular student at the college, passed to his eternal reward at Albuquerque, N. M., on the tenth day of last month. Fr. Beauvais is remembered as a man of kindly disposition and as brilliant in his studies. During his last year at college he was chosen prefect of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, an unusual honor for a man in the classical department, and a fact which attests the universal esteem in which he was held. His philosophy and theology were made at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and his first year there was considerably saddened by the death of his companion and classmate, Henry Rose, '98, who was at that time

attending the Seminary with Fr. Beauvais. He was ordained by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, Dec. 19, 1903, and was assigned assistant to the pastor at St. Peter's church, Mt. Clemens, Mich. Overwork and study soon undermined his health so that he was compelled to go to Alberquerque in the hope of regaining his strength. Only lately, however, had his illness been considered fatal, and it was too late then to bring him home alive. Fr. Beauvais was an earnest and zealous worker for the welfare of the church, and his loss is keenly felt.

May his soul rest in peace.

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J. H. '08.





## Chronicle.

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Forty Hours Adoration opened April 26th.

Lent is past and three full meals a day are enjoyed as never before.

Fred. Mooney, '10, and Joseph Moloney, '12, returned to college Easter Monday after a short absence on account of sickness.

The thinning of the maples and the destruction of the fence on the front lawn foretell the extensive improvements to be made on the grounds this summer.

We regret very much that Adolph Boucher, '10, will not be able to resume his studies this year, but we all rejoice in his recovery.

Several of the boys are working for oratorical scholarships. The St Basil's contest for the Casgrain scholarship will be held May 4th; and the St. Dionysius contest for the McManus scholarship, May 11th.

Considerable excitement was created one day recently, when it was announced that Old Bill, more commonly known as "Maud," had drawn his last load of milk. Many of our alumni may recall embarrassing situations at the ferry or on Woodward Ave., in which they have been placed by the resolute will power of this famous old boy.

We all enjoyed the class walks on Easter Monday. The Detroit-Cleveland game at Bennett Park, and particularly the catching of "Nig" Clarke, one of our old boys, was watched with great interest.

"Prohibition or High License" was debated in St. Basil's Literary, April 1st. Messrs. Gleeson, J. Moran and Hartnett taking the dry side, while Moffatt, De Puydt and L. McKeon pleaded the cause of those who enjoy a wee drop occasionally. The topic was a live one

and although both sides say that "in real justice" they won, the decision was given in favor of Prohibition.

Fr. Joseph Kennedy, C. S. B., was called home April 4th to the funeral of his father, at Lindsay, Ont. The deceased was one of those laymen of whom it can justly be said, "His was a good work well done." He was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, in 1835, and came to Canada at the age of seventeen. Starting as a dry goods clerk in Kingston he gradually worked himself up by honesty and perseverance to a successful business in Lindsay. Besides this he has held several offices of public trust, and filled each with characteristic fidelity. Seven children survive him and mourn the loss of a father who, by his example, has made them all, whether in the church or in the world, earnest workers for the faith. Fr. Kennedy has the sympathy of each of the students in his loss of a father who has been to him all that a loving and pious parent could be.

Gilbert Pitre has the sympathy of all in the loss of a younger sister, who died at Tecumseh, April 18th.

Several of our priests assisted pastors in Michigan and Ontario during the Holy Week and on Easter Sunday. Our superior, Fr. Forster, assisted at the Cathedral, London; Fr. Roach, at Marine City, Mich.; Fr. Collins, at Reese, Mich.; Fr. Moylan, at Dearborn, Mich.; Fr. Murphy, at Woodstock, Ont.; Fr. Howard, at Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Fr. Plomer, at Mt. Clemens, Mich.; and Fr. O'Neil at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Detroit.

The parish choir rendered Farmer's Mass and Generalis Vespers exceptionally well at Easter, and much credit is due to their director, Fr. Chalandard. The mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Semande, with Fr. Côté as deacon and Fr. Martin as sub-deacon. Fr. Chalandard, of the parish, spoke in the morning and Fr. Wm. Roach, of the College, in the evening.

The Holy Week Services were carried out at Assump-



tion Church with more than their usual solemnity and impressiveness. The students assisted at each of the devotions. The music was furnished by the parish choir and the students.

PALM SUNDAY.

Celebrant, Rev. Fr. Chalandard ; deacon, Fr. C. Collins ; sub-deacon, Fr. T. Moylan.

HOLY THURSDAY.

Celebrant, Rev. Fr. Chalandard ; deacon, Fr. J. C. Plomer ; sub-deacon, Fr. Wm. Roach.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Celebrant, Rev. Fr. A. Côté ; deacon, Fr. Wm. Roach ; sub-deacon, Fr. P. Howard ; chanters, Our Lord, Rev. C. Collins ; evangelist, Rev. J. C. Plomer and the mob, Rev. P. Chalandard.

HOLY SATURDAY.

Celebrant, Rev. P. Chalandard ; deacon, Rev. J. C. Plomer ; sub-deacon, Rev. E. Martin. Prophecies, Mr. Brophy, Mr. Casey and Mr. Murray. Quartette for lamentations, Rev. Frs. Collins, Côté, Plomer and Chalandard.

P. J. '10.

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**Exchanges.**

Tributes to Ireland and to Irish heroes interspersed with a goodly quantity of those little bursts of song which the spring muse is wont to call forth, comprised the gist of material in the March and April Exchanges. Among the essays, *The Keltic Bards*, in the *California Collegian*, is deserving of special mention. In it the writer gives us a clear and interesting account of those wandering minstrels, whose lives, like their legends, have been enveloped in prehistoric gloom by the uncertain combination of fact and fiction. To write on such a subject requires a careful study on the part of the writer. *The Keltic Bards* gives every indication that its author has done this. Another good quality of this journal is the interesting style in which the Athletic department is written. The short stories are amusing, but we fear that in them the *Collegian* has not always been faithful to those copyright laws of which it is an advocate.

We found the *Helios* a very jolly little visitor but entirely lacking in seriousness, except in its editorials. The foreign language department shows exceptional cleverness and we think that if some of that talent were turned to more serious subjects the paper would become an instructor as well as an entertainer.

The poem, "A Tribute to Maryland Day," is a fitting introduction to an issue almost wholly devoted to the praises of the great Catholic Colony of America. The *Agnetian Monthly* apparently takes a just pride in the religious history of their State. This show of enthusiasm over glories which the whole world acknowledges, does not strike us as vanity. Instead of exciting our jealousy it rather gives rise to the regret that such enthusiasm is not more common in our day. It would serve to counteract the spirit of indifference which is pervading the land and which is more detrimental to Catholicism than the most intense bigotry. We congratulate you, therefore, Agnetians, for we believe in the old saying, "Honour to whom



honor is due." If the founders and maintainers of political freedom be deserving of veneration and honour, much more so those who have been instrumental in establishing "that freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free."

We have nothing but the highest compliments for the Easter issue of *The Echoes from the Pines*. "Via, Veritas et Vita" and the other poems are entirely free from those qualities that characterize the bulk of spring poetry. They are of that higher sort which

"Ensis arces attigit ignes."

The essayists, apparently, are all of that reflective temperament to which the feast of Easter recalls many beautiful thoughts on the Resurrection and Redemption; in which the glories of "A Night in June" inspire the loftiest ideals; and by which reflections on the nature of man are extracted from the words of Tennyson. This keen appreciation of the beautiful and the grand goes even further, and finds a charm in those classic authors where the average student meets nothing but vexation and difficulty. These essays, together with two short stories and an instructive editorial department, make up a very attractive issue. We take this occasion of thanking The Pines' Exchange department for the list of excellent college journals it has furnished us.

We are in receipt of a beautiful Easter card, the compliments of the *Patrician*, but neither the March nor April number of that journal have reached us.

The other Exchanges received during the month are: *The Nazarene*, *The Exponent*, *Purple and White*, *The Laurel*, *The S. V. C. Index*, *The Niagara Index*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *The Xavier*, *The Columbiad*, *St. V. C. Journal*, *St. Mary's Messenger*, *The Dial*, *The Schoolman*.

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**Titterings.**

Pessimist (rhetorically): And to-day, what are the great supports of tottering humanity?

Voice (from audience): The policeman and the lamp-post.

Leap Year Heiress: Then you refuse the hand I offer.

Count de Broke: Not exactly; I refuse the offer you hand me. Add another o and I accept both.

Science Teacher: What is vocal music?

Pupil: Harmonized hot air.

"Stung again," gasped Cæsar, as Brutus and his pals let the sunlight into his imperial sides at forty different angles.

Bill Longe: Klick knocked the ball to the cemetery.

"Turk" Tansey: Did he make a home run?

Bill Longe: Naw, the umpire called it a dead-ball.

Tramp: May I take some of these biscuits to my friend?

Kind Lady: Certainly. Is he hungry?

Tramp: No, he's a sculptor.

Teacher: Why does lightning never strike street cars?

Jordan: Because they carry conductors.

"If the pastor would leave the trees in front of the church a few weeks longer they would leave of themselves," Minich pertinently remarked in a moment of abstraction.

History Class: What was the consequence of the dissolution of the second Pitt Ministry?

Murphy: There was a great pitfall.





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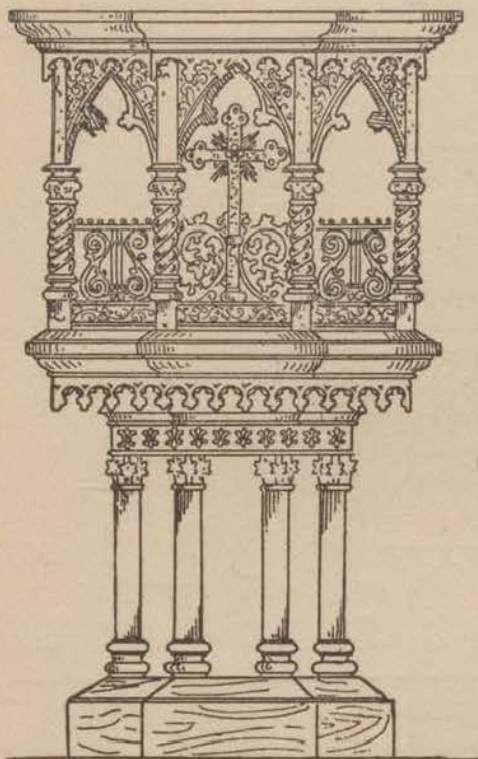
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